

The Crusade of Divine Fury

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Summary: One battle station. Twelve hundred ships. Five million troops. One grand crusade that will span galaxies. A detailed chronicle of this doomed undertaking taken from the diaries of Shaka Ralamee. HaloStar Wars crossover. COMPLETE

1. Chapter 1

Office of Naval Intelligence Database

Welcome to the Office of Naval Intelligence Database. In order to access the information within this area, a minimum security clearance level of Lavender is required.+

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To Whom It May Concern:

Contained within this data capsule are the personal diaries and papers of Councilor Shaka Ralamee of the Fleet of the Burning Sword, commanding the grand Crusade of Divine Fury. If you are receiving this message, then I must sadly report that by the time you are reading this, I have fallen in battle and what remains of the Crusade force is annihilated or under the command of a subordinate. I believe that the data and experiences we have uncovered here are too important to be lost if we are to die. Please consider the information contained within seriously, for it may prove useful in future conflicts.

The First Trial: **Repelling the Beast**

As you know, this entire Crusade would never have been organized if not for a chance encounter with an insidious alien species identifying themselves as the Yuuzhan Vong. One of our warfleets discovered them quite by mistake during a patrol on the outer fringes of the galaxy.

As is standard procedure, the Fleet Master in charge, Kazzak Sekamee attempted to make contact with the newcomers and successfully convinced them to open communications. Though the original transcripts of the communication were lost due to the later destruction of Sekamee's ship, what was recovered was a report from Sekamee's personal intelligence staff, as shown here:

Through extensive review and examination the alien communications and data that we have been able to retrieve, here are our findings and conclusions:

This alien species identifies itself as the "Yuuzhan Vong".

They believe in and worship false gods, and deny the divinity of our Prophets and the Forerunners.

They view technology as an abomination, and go so far as to reject and denounce the sacred technology that the Forerunner have left us in their divine charity.

All of their equipment and technology is organic in nature, including their ships and weaponry.

They are not native to our galaxy, and were en route to what they believed would be their "promised land."

They are extremely aggressive and warlike in nature, and were very determined in spreading their blasphemous ideas in an attempt to subvert our faith in the Forerunners.

****Our conclusion is that the Yuuzhan Vong are not suitable for induction into the Covenant. Their refusal to renounce their false religion and beliefs and their willingness to spread it poses a threat to the underlying ideology of the Covenant. Furthermore, they are arrogant enough to believe that they can best us in an armed conflict. Our recommendation is that we burn these heretics at the stake without mercy or question.****

After the communication, we know that relations broke down. We are still unsure who fired first, but it is confirmed that Sekamee engaged the Yuuzhan Vong fleet. The battle resulted in heavy losses on both sides, but Sekamee's sacrifice was not in vain. Battle recorder and ship telemetry data revealed many interesting facts about how the Yuuzhan Vong fight and how their organic technology works. Their primary armament consists mainly of plasma cannons that work similarly to ours, though on a much smaller scale. Instead of the standard energy shielding or ion drives that our ships commonly use, Yuuzhan Vong ships use some sort of gravity manipulating field to perform both duties.

Further review had also revealed many flaws in Yuuzhan Vong technology that was exploited by our forces. First, their gravity fields, though powerful, began to lose effectiveness over time as the battle progressed. It is believed that due to its organic nature, Yuuzhan Vong technology has the capacity to "tire". The obvious strategy was to fire as many volleys as possible at a single capital ship. The gravity fields either could not work fast enough to absorb all of the torpedoes, or quickly tired themselves out allowing more torpedoes to pass. This strategy accounted for eighty percent of enemy casualties.

The Yuuzhan Vong also showed evidence of some sort of low-grade hive mind. It was noticed that when certain capital ships were destroyed, enemy fighter swarms began to lose their cohesiveness and as a result suffered a loss in combat efficiency. It is theorized that some of the Yuuzhan Vong capital ships possess some kind of battle coordination system that directs their fighters, and the destruction of such systems gives our fighters a greater tactical edge.

However, one disturbing element was the fact that the Yuuzhan Vong could use their gravity fields to render our shields useless, quickly destroying our ships' firstline of defense. The only counter to this move is to keep distance from the enemy ships while firing all batteries as fast as possible.

The battle ended when what was left of Sekamee's fleet performed a strategic withdrawal. This unfortunately led to the Yuuzhan Vong to gain a foothold on Keyar, one of our frontier worlds. Using it as a base for their operations, they quickly spread to the outlying systems and took those worlds in short order, slaughtering our brave soldiers and desecrating countless artifacts. They even went so far as to pervert the worlds they conquered by polluting the very ground and air with their unholy organic technology.

This marked a turning point in the conflict. We not only had to repel the enemy fleet, but cleanse our very own worlds of the unpure taint these heretics had introduced.

Fortunately, the Prophet's response was quick and decisive. I was granted the personal honor of leading the campaign to expunge the

Yuuzhan Vong from our territory. With command of over a hundred warships and half a million troops, the war would be quick and brutal. Our first engagements were nothing more than shows of force. After chasing away the enemy fleets from some of the occupied planets, instead of wasting time on a costly ground assault, we cleansed these planets by repeatedly bombarding them with volleys of plasma fire. We quite literally burned the taint from these worlds and showed the Yuuzhan Vong how far we were willing to take this conflict.

But our greatest hour would present itself during the Battle of Keyar. Unlike our previous battles, we had no choice but to carry out a ground assault. Keyar, though on the frontier, was an important shrineworld, and its religious significance could not be disregarded. Our battle strategy was quite ingenious. To ensure that the Yuuzhan Vong would commit the bulk of their forces to the assault, false information was leaked that the Covenant was indeed planning an offensive, but against a star system adjacent to Keyar. The Yuuzhan Vong fell for the ploy, and immediately began massing ships and troops at Keyar.

I would have loved to see the appearance of their surprised faces as our mighty battlefleet jumped right on top of them. Within the first five minutes thirty three percent of the enemy fleet was destroyed. Further assaults forced the enemy fleet to retreat to the far side of the planet, opening a window for ground troops to be landed. A total of two hundred fifty thousand troops landed on various points on the surface in three successive waves.

The first wave was tasked to secure the Guillan Islands and take the valuable resources stored there. Unfortunately, two of the transport wings flew in on the wrong heading and ended up over the ocean and were shot down by enemy anti-aircraft fire. This resulted in the loss of nearly three thousand troops before they had even touched the ground. This also gave the Yuuzhan Vong occupying the islands enough warning to begin burning valuable supplies and resources. The commander in charge of the first wave, Field Master Lezanee, committed suicide in shame for this failure.

The second wave was sent to land in the holy city of Kakrand. The perversion made by the Yuuzhan Vong was apparent when ground forces witnessed horrendous beasts and creatures that defied imaginations. Field reports described multitudes of aggressive insects, ranging from biting ones to insects that exploded on contact. Yuuzhan Vong infantry used living armor and snake-like staffs, and even though this equipment was far inferior to ours, it was very effective nonetheless. The Yuuzhan Vong were fanatic in their resolve, which resulted in over one hundred twenty thousand troops being deadlocked in vicious street fighting for over eighty five hours. Some areas were so chaotic, entire units were wiped out by friendly fire. Survivors of fragmented divisions often found themselves fighting alongside fellow survivors from other ravaged units and formed numerous scratch companies, fighting for their very survival rather than for liberation.

Meanwhile, I personally led the third wave into the Citadel, which acted as both as a holy site and as the administrative center of Kakrand. From the level of corruption around the Citadel, it was obvious that the Yuuzhan Vong had chosen it as their center for operations. In order to ensure that we achieved complete surprise,

two entire divisions were dropped directly onto the Citadel and we fought our way in from the roof of the structure. The Yuuzhan Vong forces were deployed expecting a ground assault, making it easy for us to sweep the upper levels with impunity. We also managed to find what appeared to be the supreme commander for the Yuuzhan Vong and ambush him. The battle was vicious, but I managed to personally slay him in battle. He was a worthy opponent, and I granted him the honor of a quick death by beheading him with my blade.

After news of their commander being killed, the Yuuzhan Vong quickly lost the will to fight. Many committed suicide by charging our lines or shooting turning their own weapons on themselves. Others merely dug in and fought to the last soldier. Within two days, all resistance was wiped off the planet, and it was only five more days until our fleet overtook and annihilated the remnants of the Yuuzhan Vong on the edge of the universe.

The overall conflict was short but costly. Our losses totaled at an estimated seventy ships lost, four worlds put to the torch, and roughly seven hundred fifty thousand casualties. Estimates on Yuuzhan Vong losses range from two hundred ships destroyed to five hundred, and one million troops killed to three million.

Though the conflict was over, and the Yuuzhan Vong destroyed, the Prophets were still interested with the Yuuzhan Vong's existence. From interrogation and spying, it was theorized that this force was part of a much larger one, seeking out a galaxy they could call a home. Many hypothesized that answers concerning the Great Journey could be found at this destination the Yuuzhan Vong held so dear, as our explorers have not found anything substantial in this galaxy. The possibilities proved too much to resist, and the High Prophets decided to organize an expedition to investigate.

It took nearly three years, but we were able to complete what was possibly the largest battle force ever in the history of the Covenant.

We were given the Unstoppable Force, the Unyielding Hierophant's sister station, over twelve hundred capital ships, and five million assorted troops and settlers.

The Great Crusade had begun. Unfortunately, we embarked without the knowledge that none of us would ever see our homes again.

2. Arrival

The Second Trial: Arrival

The journey would last seven long years.

Though close inspection of the Yuuzhan Vong's systems and thorough interrogation of prisoners had yielded the rough position of their point of destination, many of us remained unsure whether the coordinates we received would actually lead us anywhere or not. The disgusting organic computers the Yuuzhan Vong used were completely unreliable, and all of the prisoners did not survive the first rounds of interrogation. (I have a hard time imagining why.)

What we felt when our sleep pods deactivated and when we discovered

habitable planets was beyond description. Crewmen and soldiers on every ship celebrated and paid their respects for the glorious occasion. We had just stepped foot in a foreign galaxy, and made history in doing so. Preliminary scans showed that the planets we found were habitable, but just barely. None of them were suitable for occupation however. Leaving the main force in this system for the time being, scout ships were sent out in all directions. It was another three days of scrupulous searching until we found a planet suitable for our purposes. It could support life, had terrestrial lifeforms, was apparently secluded, and most importantly, had signs of civilization.

The world itself, I chose personally for its unique attributes. It was a bearable planet where we could use as a base, yet conditions there were harsh enough to keep our forces stationed there on edge. The endless desert, scorching heat, fierce sandstorms, and numerous other natural hazards provided many exciting challenges for us. However, it is almost impossible to keep the Unggoy happy, since unlike the rest of the races in the Covenant, they come from a very cold and humid planet. The heat and dryness here is like anathema to them. I had considered taking them off the planet, but their numbers were needed for proper security. There was also the suspicion that some of the officers took a perverse delight in the Unggoys' suffering but there in no proof of this.

As for the signs of civilization I had mentioned earlier. There were several small population centers scattered throughout the planet. It wasn't difficult subjugating these centers. The natives living there gave almost no resistance, though a number of them tried to flee the planet and were subsequently pursued and captured. With the population centers secured it was time to find a suitable headquarters. Fortunately, I had found an abandoned palace-like structure in the middle of the desert in the area the natives dubbed the "Dune Sea" (a fitting name for such a vast area of sand). According to the stories we heard, this palace was once home to an individual called "Jabba the Hutt". He was apparently some sort of local, but very powerful, lord who was killed quite some time ago. It took weeks for reconstruction crews to convert the remains of the palace up to Covenant standards.

Meanwhile, many of the natives were quite uncomfortable with our sudden incursion onto their planet as can be seen in this report from one of the Elites on patrol.

****Being stationed on a planet such as this proves to be a unique challenge. By day, the dangers are often limited to the occasional bandit or drunkard. Usually, the days are so hot, my patrol often limits itself to the town of Mos Eisley and the surrounding wastes. Personally, I despise having to inhabit this area day after day. This town is nothing but a hive of scum and villainy, filled with nothing more and third-rate thieves and beggars. However, the drink is decent, and the town provides shelter against Tatooine's voracious sandstorms. I recall one instance where I saw a lekgolo get shredded to pieces in front of my very eyes in the middle of such a storm. Consequently, its bond brother went mad and charged off into the desert. It was never seen again.****

****As for relations with the natives, things are strained at best. Like the Covenant, these people appear to be an amalgamation of alien races living together. However, their ideals do not seem to match**

ours. Most of the people in the towns are extremely fearful of us, often avoiding us whenever possible, and shooting suspicious and sometimes even hateful looks at us. More than once I would have to refrain from striking a child for throwing objects at me. In contrast, the moisture farmers out in the desert often keep to themselves, and mind their own business as long as we mind ours. Finally, there are the odd little creatures called Jawas. Behavior-wise, they are very similar to our huragok, always interested with technology, and always picking apart whatever they could get their grubby little hands on. I literally had to throw them off me as they tried to take apart my armor.**

Night, however, is far worse. Temperatures drop drastically to the point where water, if there were any, would freeze. The enigmatic Sand People would roam freely, and the squeals and cries of countless desert creatures can be heard. Often, the unggoy are too fearful to step foot outside, and many Sangheili are hesitant to venture out by themselves. This is a deceptively dangerous world, and I for one would look forward to finally moving on to a more agreeable world.

As the account also mentioned, many of the troops were anxious to leave this backwater system and explore the uncharted stars. However, I had second thoughts about making such a move. It was obvious that there was some kind of intergalactic civilization inhabiting this galaxy, and it would have been foolish to send troops out aimlessly with little idea what was out there. First, we started with rigorous and methodical interrogation of Tatooine's inhabitants. Surprisingly, quite a few of the inhabitants had been offworld. I never would have thought that they would have gotten anywhere with those flying junkheaps they call spacecraft.

Several days later, it was apparent that word of our arrival had reached outside of this system. Our picket ships standing guard on the edge of the system managed to detect a sizeable fleet of unidentified ships. Fortunately for the pickets, the fleet stopped at the edge of the system and disgorged three ships, one medium-sized transport craft and two escort fighters. Though the threat the three ships posed was negligible, nevertheless ships were sent in case they proved hostile. The ship identified itself as the Millennium Falcon and even though our translation systems were still being perfected, we managed to discover their intent. We were being offered a chance to meet and negotiate by a person named "Luke who Walks on Sky."

I would remember him for a long, long time.

3. Diplomacy

AN: Just for clarification, these events take place shortly after the Swarm War in the Star Wars universe.

The Third Trial: Diplomacy

Suffice to say, my conversations with Luke Skywalker, the ambassador sent to negotiate with us, were very interesting and engaging. However, due to the private nature of our discussions, and Skywalker's insistence on privacy, there are no transcripts or records of our conversations, so you will have to take my word and honor for what happened during this period of time.

Much of our opening dialogue involved us each talking about our respective homes and experiences. Coincidentally, Skywalker was a native of the very planet we had occupied (though looking back on this now, I've come to think that it probably wasn't so coincidental after all). As standard procedure dictated, I refrained from exposing any sensitive information, though I was able to glean many useful facts about what we were getting ourselves into.

Apparently, the galaxy we had arrived in was in a state of constant conflict and upheaval. A multitude of wars, battles, a galaxy-wide revolution, and major incursions of alien forces (including the despicable Yuuzhan Vong) have left civilizations within this galaxy ravaged and war-weary. Please view the additional files contained within this database for additional detail.

Unfortunately, as discussions continued, I came to the ugly realization that there was little chance that we could convert these people to the magnificence of the Great Journey. These people had become desensitized after centuries of open war, and it was doubtful that they would believe in such a holy cause. Also, even more troubling was the fact that there was already a very well established and entrenched belief system in place. They believed in some heretical power dubbed the Force. Apparently, those that believed and worshipped it were able to access peculiar abilities. These individuals who possessed such powers were called "Jedi".

However, this unnerved me, since such beliefs would contradict and undermine everything the Prophets had worked so hard to achieve. It would be unacceptable to let _any _knowledge of the Force to reach the normal troops or our home galaxy. Such thoughts would put others under the delusion of an alternative to the Great Journey, and the ramifications of such an action would be unimaginable.

Needless to say, I was beginning to distrust this Jedi more and more. His belief and use of heretical powers unnerved me to no end. Skywalker could obviously sense my discomfort through his heretic magic and inquired me if something was wrong. I merely dismissed him, not wishing to deal this any further.

However, I made the gross underestimation that there would be only a single Jedi on this mission. Unknown to me, Skywalker had two other Jedi aboard, a fact that he had neglected to tell me. As this video footage will show you, the entire conflict was instigated by one of these two Jedi, whom I believe was the one named "Jacen Solo".

****Video Record Case Number CROSS-45396****

****(The feed starts in the hangar room, which is under heavy guard. The three alien ships are seen docked in the background, with several other humans milling about around them. The camera focuses on two robed figures. One of the figures has been positively identified as the Jedi "Jacen Solo". The other figure's identity is as of yet unknown. The two are already in an argument before they can reach sound recorder range.)****

****Unknown: "I'm telling you Jacen, what you're doing is madness! You should at least consult Master Skywalker before-****

****Jacen:** (cuts off Unknown) There's no time for that. Besides, we don't need Master Skywalker's advice about this matter.**

****Unknown:** That's madness! What gives you the authority to do such a thing?**

****Jacen:** I know what will happen if we let this continue. I've seen it happen.**

****Unknown:** (stands in front of Jacen) Seen what, exactly? Convince me, Jacen. Tell me what's gotten you so worked up that you feel you need to provoke the guards!**

****Jacen:** (clearly agitated) I've seen a galaxy plunged in chaos. Countless planets and people locked in an eternal war that will end badly for everybody, because nobody was prepared for it. I've tried, I really have, but I've seen every possibility, and they all end the same way, except for this one. This way, if we provoke the conflict, we can guarantee that we will prepare the Galactic Alliance for the war to come.**

****Unknown:** Stop it, Jacen! It'll be the Swarm War all over again!**

****Jacen:** Exactly.**

****(Jacen abruptly pulls out an energy blade, similar to our plasma blades and immediately beheads a nearby Unggoy. The scene becomes chaotic as troops from both parties begin firing at one another. The unknown Jedi yells something, but her voice is drowned out by the weapons fire, and pulls out her saber. Jacen slays several more guards before staring directly at the camera, and the entire image bursts into static.)****

****End Feed****

The aftermath of the battle was terrible. After the initial skirmish, six of our troops were dead and two wounded, with one casualty on the opposing force. The unknown Jedi was wounded and captured during the fighting while the rest of her companions made their escape. Since we had no idea how to hold such a creature in captivity, we decided to err on the side of caution and lock her inside of a cryogenic pod.

Meanwhile, our naval forces responded with haste and efficiency that would have made any naval commander proud. Within seconds of the news being relayed to the rest of the fleet, our vanguard did not hesitate to push out and punish the heretics. While many ships contributed to the battle, a squadron being led by Junior Commander Selan Kezanee of the Holy Rapture by far was the most bold of them, as this account will tell you.

****An excerpt from the historical account Purge the Weak! By Shazz Karalee****

****After the treacherous attack by the heretical Galactic Alliance, our pious and diligent forces responded in a swift and vengeful manner. Once word of the betrayal had reached the bulk of our glorious battlefleet, many commanders immediately began exacting punishment on the heretics.****

****By far, the most successful retaliation was carried out by Junior Commander Selan Kezanee's squadron, which consisted of the destroyer Holy Rapture and the frigates Pious Watcher and Justified Rage. Communications records showed that just seven seconds after his ship was notified, Kezanee had already thrust his squadron deep into the enemy fleet, all batteries ablaze. When the damage was done, Kezanee diverted all power, including his shields, to engines and managed to boost out of range of the enemy guns before they could retaliate in any organized fashion. In total, Kezanee's squadron destroyed four ships, damaged five, and crippled two, with two of the kills being attributed to Kezanee himself.****

****After the overall battle, the final tally for both sides was three ships lost on our side, and nine ships lost on the heretic side. Our fleet managed to force the enemy fleet to withdraw. After the battle, with our forces still brimming with righteous fury, the order was given to burn the planet and strike out and spread our influence to all corners of the galaxy, if it meant burning it to a cinder.****

Karalee makes the whole account of burning Tatooine sound very dramatic, but in reality, there wasn't much to burn in the first place. The planet was basically sand with the odd population center scattered about. However, she was right in the fact that we would spread out rage to the far corners of the galaxy in a way that will be felt of generations to come.

4. Dominion

The Fourth Trial: Dominion

It was not long before the fleet was ready to move out and administer their righteous justice on the traitorous individuals in this galaxy. To move more efficiently, I had my armada split up into four fleets and had them fan out to the different quadrants of the galaxy, cleansing any inhabited worlds they came across.

Meanwhile, the Huragok teams were diligently researching the technology and ships we had managed to capture. It took several weeks for us to decode the foul language embedded in the systems, but we were able to glean useful information. The most important system was the navigation computers in the ships we had captured. They kept detailed records and positions of every known (and unknown, in the case of the smuggler ships) space route and inhabited planet in the galaxy, save for a blank pocket deemed as the "Unknown Regions".

Our second most valuable piece of intelligence was the acquisition of the heretics' faster-than-light technology. According to analysis of the engines and interrogation of prisoners, these heretics travel utilizing an alternate dimension called "hyperspace": their term for Slipspace. We have discovered these drives work in a fundamentally different way than our drives. First of all, the hyperdrives can travel faster and just as accurately as our Slipspace drives, but for some reason, are not able to work properly when near a gravity well, such as a star or planet. Already, I have grasped upon the tactical possibilities of this weakness, and have tasked a team of Huragok to work on it.

Additional analysis revealed that these heretics also possess energy weaponry and shielding, and though they are far less advanced than our technology, they should not be taken lightly.

Meanwhile, the advancement of our fleet was going very well. As I had stated before, I had split my armada into four separate fleets, each independently controlled by a single fleetmaster. Using the maps we were able to glean from the enemy systems, I deployed my fleets in a manner that would be the most advantageous. The Fleet of Eternal Vigilance, commanded by Mal Sassamee, would advance along the border between the Outer and Middle Rim, sweeping through the large cluster of planets located there. The Fleet of True Knowledge, commanded by Bera Yamanee advance along the opposite flank, seeking to cleans the worlds along the Perlemian Trade Route and Hydian Way. The Fleet of Absolving Anger, commanded by Zeula Kalaree, would advance deep into the inner galaxy, bypass the core, and assault the worlds on the opposite end of the galaxy. Finally, my own fleet, the Fleet of Divine Fury, would drive straight into the Core Worlds, the jewel of the heretic civilization.

Our first major confrontation was when the Fleet of True Knowledge reached Bothan Space. The heretics there obviously had capable intelligence resources, as they were aware of and prepared for the arrival of our fleet. Our scout ships immediately detected the presence of a large fleet of ships in orbit around the main planet, Bothawui. While at first there were fears that the Galactic Alliance had already managed to regroup. However, those fears were quickly allayed when further surveillance revealed that the fleet was merely a ragtag combination of ships consisting of various size and shape, implying that most of them were merely armed civilian or antique military ships.

Yamanee committed sixty ships to the attack, and the details of the battle are recorded in his personal logs.

****From the personal logs of Fleetmaster Bera Yamanee****

****Like I have always stressed throughout my life, prudence and knowledge of every possible scenario is key in winning battles. Though my colleagues have ridiculed me for this slow-paced approach, I had never felt more vindicated than during the battle of Bothawui. ****

****Advance elements of my fleet scouted out other nearby planets such as Kothlis and Kamino and had them cleansed in an effort to probe and provoke enemy defenses. However, opposition was minimal at best which led me to believe that the heretics had pulled back their existing forces to bolster the defenses of the apparently more important world of Bothawui. ****

****Reviewing the scans of the defense fleet around the planet, however, revealed something disturbing. The size of the orbiting fleet did not seem consistent with the total size of any possible reinforcements from the abandoned worlds we purged, which meant they were hidden in an attempt to flank my forces if I were to commit my full strength. ****

****Tracking the movement of the planetary bodies and taking into account the knowledge of how the heretics' hyperdrives worked. I was able to determine the moment at which the overlapping gravity wells**

of the system would limit the avenues of approach the most, reducing the chances of us being surprised by an ambush. Also, the heretics were unaware at how accurately we could calculate our Slipspace jumps. My spearhead unit of six ships managed to jump right amongst the defending fleet, much to the defenders' surprise. Countless enemy ships were massacred before the spearhead initiated an emergency Slipspace jump and made their escape.**

**Meanwhile, the main body of the assault force, consisting of fifteen ships, quickly followed up with a frontal attack. Though the heretics were far more numerous, with almost twenty five capital ships in orbit, they lacked the shields and stopping power to pose a major threat to our own ships. As expected, enemy reinforcements hiding at the outer edge of the system attempted to ambush us. However, they jumped in one of the expected approach vectors and straight into an ambush of our own consisting of a squadron of five warships. **

The battle was over in a matter of minutes. By the time we were able to drive the defending fleet from planetary orbit, over thirty enemy ships were left destroyed or derelict, with no losses to our ships save for varying levels of damage.

However, we quickly discovered that the entire battle was merely a ploy to distract us from the heretics' true objectives. As our ships moved to secure positions in preparation for the cleansing, sensors detected a huge flotilla of ships attempting to flee the planet. Apparently, the defense forces were merely trying to distract us to cover a mass civilian evacuation. Analysis of intercepted communications revealed that an Admiral Kre'fey was leading the futile effort.

Immediately, a squadron of four ships led by the cruiser Adamant Barrage closed in to intercept. Unfortunately, the heretics put up a vicious defense. The Adamant Barrage's three escorting destroyers were forced to fall back due to heavy damage, leaving the cruiser to face off against five enemy capital ships, including the flagship. The four escort ships were easily destroyed as the Adamant Barrage released a simultaneous spread of plasma torpedoes. Then, since the plasma batteries were still recharging, the Adamant Barrage's captain decided to ram the flagship, classified by the heretics as a "Star Destroyer". The resulting damage crippled both ships, but the Adamant Barrage struck the Star Destroyer in a way that would send it plummeting through Bothawui's atmosphere and burn up. There is much evidence to suggest that Kre'fey was aboard the Star Destroyer and perished as it was burnt to a cinder. Without their leader, the remaining defenders quickly broke and ran.

Though the Adamant Barrage and its squadron were now effectively out of the battle, their brave charge opened the way for our Seraph wings to advance and intercept the remaining transports. Even though three quarters of the civilian fleet managed to escape, the Seraphs still managed to down scores of transports and freighters attempting to flee. Many didn't even clear the upper atmosphere.

Though the planetary shields required several days of constant bombardment to disable, the planetary cleansing proceeded as planned. Nothing was left alive on the surface. Once casualties and damage were assessed and dealt with, the fleet prepared to move on to the next target.

****Righteousness is our shield, Faith our armour and Hatred our weapon.****

The battle for Bothawui was a complete and total success. The world was fully cleansed and its inhabitants eliminated. There were some heretic survivors captured after the battle but none were of any value and were quickly disposed of.

Meanwhile, Mal Sassamee's Fleet of Eternal Vigilance met with similar success, cleansing several minor worlds in quick succession until he reached the planet dubbed Naboo. The planet had almost no defenses to speak of, and its inhabitants did not put up much of a fight. However, Sassamee decided not to cleanse the planet. When I inquired him as to why, Sassamee responded that the planet was too beautiful and pure to corrupt with our weapons of destruction. He described the planet as "Paradise", and what he imagined the Great Journey would lead us to. Observing some reconnaissance images sent back convinced me to support Sassamee's decision not to burn the planet. However, the same mercy would not extend to the planet's native inhabitants.

Sassamee landed over five hundred thousand troops onto the planet. Fortunately, Naboo was sparsely populated, with only a few major cities scattered around the planet. It took only a few short weeks to round up and exterminate the majority of the heretic population. In their capital city of Theed, Elite Special Operations Forces infiltrated the Royal Palace and assassinated their planetary ruler, leaving her headless body dangling from the highest tower to show the heretics that their days were numbered.

The heretics living in the planet's underwater cities proved to be somewhat more problematic. Our troops were not properly equipped to deal with an underwater assault, and suffered heavy casualties assaulting the stubborn defenders. However, the strange amphibian creatures could not match our might and were quickly defeated.

Meanwhile, my own fleet drove deep towards the core of the galaxy along the Corellian Run trade route. We cleansed six worlds along the way, including Rodia and Falleen. Finally, I decided to stop our advance at the planet Duro, on the edge of the Core. I was anticipating a large enemy counterattack to take place soon. I had also pushed ahead faster than the trailing elements of my fleet could catch up, leaving the flanks of my advance vulnerable to ambush. I would be stuck at this planet until the rest of the Crusade armada could link up for an massive push on one of our primary objectives, Corellia.

Meanwhile, Zeula Kalaree's forces were still in Slipspace transit. It would take several weeks for them to reach their destination on the other side of the galaxy. Because of the dangerous nature of his mission, I had allotted less ships to Kalaree's fleet than his fellow Fleetmasters. However, Kalaree was exceptionally skilled at intrusion missions, and was well known for turning the tables on his opponents, even at a numerical disadvantage.

Now all we could do was wait and hold the line.

Do not suffer the heretic to live.

5. Consolidation

The Fifth Trial: Consolidation

Having over five hundred warships at my command, I had little to fear from an enemy counterattack. However, it would have been incredibly inconvenient if we were to be caught unprepared. Instead of pushing towards Corellia and risk overextending my lines, I had my fleet hold position over the planet Duro. We set up an interdiction around the planet, but had not proceeded to cleanse it, at least not yet. As long as the planet and its people were intact, the heretics would move cautiously in the vain hope that they could somehow save their doomed comrades. However, I had no intention of that happening.

The prelude to the counterattack was obvious due to the numerous probing attacks the Galactic Alliance sent to test our defenses. Sometimes they would send patrols of several small warships. Other times they would send scout fighters. Some of the more insidious infiltrators involved stealth fighters, apparently piloted by the heretic Jedi. With the high degree of stealth and skill they possess, it is unknown how many times they have penetrated their lines. The few times were able to detect them often resulted in large amounts of casualties for our side.

Meanwhile, the other two fleets operating on my flanks slowed their advances as well. Fleetmasters Yamanee and Sassamee were aware of the possibility of our enemies regrouping, and had secretly sent reinforcements to Duro as a surprise force.

During this time, I had also sent numerous infiltrators to various planets to gather intelligence. Though not a commonly practiced tactic, I have found it useful in fighting enemies with comparable military force and size. These infiltrators consisted of both special operatives and collaborators willing to work with us. The general reactions from the most heavily populated worlds was that of mass chaos and panic, as should be expected. It appeared the Galactic Alliance was desperately trying to maintain control over the panicked populace in preparation for war.

Another interesting fact was information given to me by agents from Corellia. Apparently, the planet's current ruler, a Thrackan Sal-Solo, was willing to break away from the Galactic Alliance and side with the Covenant under the condition that he be protected from any Galactic Alliance reprisals. I personally didn't trust this Sal-Solo, as he was among the heretics, and seemed the type to side with the more powerful entity. However, he controlled a strategically important world, and there were many rumors of some kind of "superweapon" hidden there.

Political matters aside, we still had to deal with the threat of oncoming attack. My own patrols indicated a massive buildup of Galactic Alliance military forces at several planets within easy reach of Duro. I knew I had to be wary, as I had not yet faced the Alliance's full military capabilities yet.

However, no matter how much you prepare for an attack, it is always a surprise when it finally happens. Two weeks after taking Duro, over a hundred fifty enemy warships emerged at the edge of the system. I

immediately sent a battle group of thirty ships led by the _Ominous_ to counter them. The fighting was fierce, with ships being lost on both sides. It was during this battle were I learned of shadow bombs, explosives whose only source of propulsion was the demon magic of the Jedi. Three warships took severe damage and one was destroyed by these insidious weapons.

Thirty minutes into the battle, seventy more enemy ships appeared in the space between the _Ominous_' battle group and the main fleet, cutting them off. The outcome was hopeless for the _Ominous_, and rather than face defeat, her ship master ordered an emergency Slipspace jump. Out of the thirty ships in the battle group, only twenty were able to jump, the rest being too damaged or already destroyed. However, this defeat was not without its merits. The _Ominous_ and her battle group were able to destroy roughly forty ships before being forced to withdraw.

Unfortunately, this meant that the enemy could now focus their attacks on the main fleet. The enemies received more reinforcements and began to push into our outer defenses. Meanwhile, Jedi fighters were wreaking havoc within our inner lines. Their stealth characteristics made them almost impossible to track, and they succeeded in destroying many support ships and orbital stations we had appropriated from Duro. I decided to end this battle, and had the _Unstoppable Force_ move from its position from the far side of the planet. I doubt that the enemy forces expected to see such a massive enemy. Though not designed for space combat, the _Unstoppable Force_ had a large complement of heavy weaponry and began wreaking havoc, tearing through the enemy formations.

Fighting continued for another hour before I realized my mistake. By shifting my forces from the far side of Duro, I had left a weakness in my defenses. Before I knew it, more Jedi fighter craft ambushed the patrols I had stationed there and cleared a path for a fleet of transport ships. On the ground, more Jedi and insurgents were attacking the ground troops stationed there and rounding up the civilians.

****From the journals of Kolo Mezalee, stationed on the planet Duro****

****We weren't sure how or when it started. One moment, me and my squad of Unggoy were punishing several heretics for failure to adhere to our mandates, when suddenly half of my squad was dead on the ground. I twisted around to see a trio of cloaked figures, each bearing energy blades similar to my plasma sword. My remaining Unggoy attempted to fire, but these individuals used their energy blades to deflect the plasma bolts with relative ease.****

****At this point, I had summoned reinforcements and a massive fight progressed. The three Jedi were supported by several dozen troops, but they were no match for the Lekgolo pair we had brought with us. Their pathetic weapons proved to be of little effect against our heavy assault troops.****

****The Jedi, however, were a completely different story. They held their own against our troops, preventing them from being able to cut off the flow of refugees attempting to flee the planet. One of the Jedi, a witch with fiery red hair, singlehandedly killed one of the Lekgolo. This of course put his bond brother in a bloodrage. He**

plowed through the Jedi, forcing them to break their formation. He continued on until he reached the crowd of Duros refugees, where he began venting his rage by slaughtering as many as he could find.**

It was at this time I received the order to fall back to our dropships and abandon the planet. I briefly considered trying to recover the rogue Lekgolo, but decided not to. Better he pass on avenging his fallen bond brother rather than live the rest of his life in grief.

However, I will never forget the ferocity of Jedi while in combat. While I am unsure whether they escaped Duro's destruction, I believe that they still live. The fate of such terrifying creatures cannot simply be left to chance.

The fools' true objective was not to destroy my fleet, but to save the doomed inhabitants of Duro. This proved to be a huge mistake on their part. Due to the strict interdictions I had set up on the cleansed worlds, nobody was aware of the amount of destruction we were able to achieve. Orders were sent to the fleet to burn what was left. The planet flared with cleansing fire, just like the countless ones before it.

The enemy fleet was predictably shocked. Once cleansing of Duro commenced, the remnants of the Alliance armada quickly retreated, ensuring our victory. However, the cost was high. Twelve ships were lost and sixteen more were severely damaged while the Galactic Alliance lost fifty five ships destroyed and ten damaged, though the vast majority of the losses consisted of small ships easily destroyed by even our Seraphs. However, it did not change the fact that we had achieved victory. With spirits high, and no reason to stay, I prepared my fleet to press its advantage and pursue the Galactic Alliance to our next objective, Corellia.

6. Assault

The Sixth Trial: Assault

After our stunning victory at Duro, our fleets managed to proceed without much resistance from the Galactic Alliance for several weeks. However, we noticed that as time passed, Galactic Alliance responses to our attacks became far more aggressive and far quicker. We were unsure of what caused this sudden spike in activity until one of our scout probes discovered an anomalous vessel hiding in Slipspace. It was a kind of sensor station, though obviously not of our design. It appeared that the Galactic Alliance had somehow acquired a Slipspace drive and figured out our method of transportation. We could no longer operate with impunity in Slipspace as the enemy would be able to detect us.

However, this did not affect our plans for the planet known as Corellia. Through more covert talks, the current ruler of the planet, Thrackan Solo, agreed to surrender the planet to us and help us conquer it in exchange for several conditions. They were the basic and predictable desires of a power-hungry individual: guarantees of immunity, total dominance over the planet, etc. However, the one condition we did not allow was his possession of the space over his planet, which included all of the planetary space stations and

satellites. This Thrackan could keep his miserable planet, but the Covenant were the rulers of the stars.

Of course, the Alliance was aware of our plans to attack Corellia, as the planet was as important to them as it was to us. Through Solo, we managed to estimate that a fleet of over seven hundred ships surrounded Corellia in a defensive net. Not only that, but Solo revealed that the Alliance was already trying to develop countermeasures to our tactics and superior technology. One of their advances was the revival of the "Shieldship", a massive vessel that was once used to protect ships from the harmful effects of suns. It was now modified and enhanced to be able to resist multiple hits from our plasma torpedoes, which would give the Alliance fleet much better protection against our punishing volleys.

Fortunately, that is what insiders are for. As part of the negotiations, Thrackan agreed to aid us in destroying the fleet. Solo had managed to convince the Alliance to allow his own personal fleet to assist in the defense of the Corellia, and insisted on being able to fully control the deployment of his fleet. As a result, Solo's ships were now posted in the areas where they could deal the most damage to the collective fleet.

However, I would be a fool to place the crux of the entire invasion plan on the shoulders of a traitorous individual such as this Solo, so I devised my own strategy to guarantee success in this battle. I knew that the Alliance would not be prepared for this special tactic because it was beyond their technical expertise and experience. Yes, this would be a glorious battle for the Covenant.

Meanwhile, a deep space probe noticed large amounts of activity around a certain space station in orbit around Corellia, dubbed "Centerpoint Station" by the Alliance. I was unsure of the significance of the station, but knew there had to be a great deal of it for the enemy to focus so much attention on it. I would not put it past Solo to "forget" to mention this station to me. I factored the station into my overall attack strategy and began preparations for my fleet.

The hours before our invasion were extremely tense. We knew that the moment we entered Slipspace, the Alliance would be aware of our presence and would have ample time to prepare a defense. Of course, the battle lines were drawn, but they were not in a place the Alliance would expect.

Contrary to previous battles, I had my fleet stop at the edge of the system, out of range of the Alliance guns but just in range for a visual lock. I knew that the Alliance would be keeping an eye on my formation, waiting for any signs of attack. Unfortunately, that would be their greatest mistake. What they didn't know was the ability for our Slipspace drives to perform microjumps: Slipspace jumps that traveled a distance less than a light year. With customary efficiency, our fleet managed to jump from edge of the system to the space between Corellia and the Alliance fleet, which effectively put us on their rear.

Of course, such feats of elegance and precision meant that there would be a few mishaps. Three ships either suffered from miscalculation or bad luck and ended up far too close to the planet. They were sucked into Corellia's gravity well and destroyed by

violent atmospheric reentry.

Meanwhile, the Alliance fleet was still unaware of our maneuver. Because Slipspace travel required faster than light speeds, we actually traveled faster than the light coming from our ships, which meant that the Alliance were looking at a phantom fleet that was no longer where it was supposed to be.

The opening volley proved to be the single most destructive in the entire war. The Alliance lost nearly a quarter of their fleet in the initial assault. It was at this moment that Thrackan's fleet began to turn to our side, attacking many Alliance ships from the rear and destroying countless more enemy craft. His own personal security forces and agents also managed to sabotage or take control of all of Corellia's space stations, rendering them inoperable for the Alliance.

However, what disturbed me the most was the inordinate amount of security surrounding Centerpoint Station. Not trusting to let Solo take it, I decided to send my own troops to board it and plunder its secrets.

Meanwhile, the battle was horrendously lopsided, but did not stop the Alliance from fighting back. Over a score of our ships were lost under concentrated fire and many more were lost to the Jedi's accursed Shadow Bombs. I ordered my fleet to target the largest Alliance ships first, since their picket ships lacked the firepower to pierce our shields. Within minutes, dozens of cruisers and Star Destroyers were reduced to burned out hulks.

On Centerpoint, however, fighting was close and vicious. It was fortunate that one of our Sangheli was carrying a mounted recording device to show us what the battle looked like in the station.

Video Log 6546k from Melan Kanalee

(Scene opens up on the inside of a Covenant transport ship. The transport is holding a dozen Unggoy and four Sangheli, including Kanalee.)

Pilot: We are approaching the target. All passengers prepare for rapid deployment.

Kanalee: The moment is upon us. Show no mercy and cleanse this accursed station with our holy rage! Live well!

Rest: And die fighting!

(The dropship hatch suddenly opens. Laser fire immediately peppers the interior of the transport killing multiple Unggoy. The rest pile out and are cut down by precision fire. The Sangheli absorb the shots with their energy shields and charge the enemy: several humans and an assortment of aliens.)

Kanalee: Get in close! They are no match for our divine strength! (draws plasma sword and cleaves two enemies in half.)

(The three other Elites follow suit and begin hacking away at the defenders with their swords until reinforcements arrive. Two more squads of Unggoy, a squad of Kig-Yar, a squad of Sangheli, and a

Lekgolo pair arrive to assist.)

Kanalee: Leave none alive!

(Multiple cheers and rallying cries from the assorted troops. They charge deeper into the station, slaughtering numerous defenders until they reach the control room, where they find a group of the Jedi witches.)

Kanalee: Stand your ground! We will slay these heretics!

(The witches begin to speak as well, and their conversation is picked up by Kanalee's audio recorder. Several of the figures have later been identified.)

Luke Skywalker: Han! Leia! Get these people out of here! We'll hold them off!

(Han, Leia, and the rest of the station's crew escape through another passage. Two Elites attempt to give chase but are cut down by Skywalker and his mate, Mara Jade. Two other unidentified Jedi stand with them.)

Skywalker: We have to hold them off long enough for Han and Leia to get the _Falcon _out of here!

Kanalee: Umanee! Take an Unggoy squad and the Yig-Kar to pursue the cowards! The rest of you, burn the heretics!

(Plasma fire erupts, but the Jedi move so fast that Kanalee's recorder can barely keep track of them. It is clearly seen that some of the plasma fire is deflected and some of the ricochets strike unwitting Covenant. A Lekgolo fires his fuel rod. One of the unidentified Jedi attempts to deflect it, but the fuel rod explodes on contact with his energy saber and incinerates the heretic. His death causes the other three Jedi to hesitate. Kanalee takes the chance and lunges forward at the other unidentified Jedi. The Jedi, surprised, manages to bat Kanalee's sword away, but Kanalee recovers quickly, spinning around and lopping the Jedi's head off.)

Kanalee: (holding up the slain Jedi's head) Behold! These witches use false magic and trickery in order to scare us, but they are still mere mortals, no more divine than you or I!

(Suddenly, Skywalker raises a hand and Kanalee's camera tumbles and shifts out of focus for a few seconds. It appears that Kanalee and the rest of his unit are knocked down to the ground by some unseen force. Kanalee gets up and quickly scans the room, but the Jedi are gone.)

Kanalee: The station is ours! Rejoice for the Forerunner have decided to bless us with victory!

(Cheers emanate from the rest of the unit.)

****End Feed****

Once word of Centerpoint's capture reached the Alliance, their entire fleet turned and attempted to retake the station, or destroy it. Fortunately, A squadron of cruisers and destroyers managed to form a

protective screen around the station, shielding it from harm. Being attacked from all sides, the Alliance forces had no choice but to retreat. However, they were unaware of the trump card I had. Just before the battle began, the Huragok managed to decipher the secrets of the Alliance's hyperspace drives and developed a countermeasure device which produces a powerful artificial gravity field, similar to that of a large planet. Unfortunately, the device was still in prototype stages and it failed after five minutes of continued use, but the damage was done. Dozens more Alliance ships, unable to flee to the safety of their vaunted hyperspace, were cut down mercilessly.

The final tally of losses was calculated at nearly thirty Covenant and six Allied ships lost. The Alliance, however, suffered grievous casualties with nearly half their fleet of five hundred destroyed or heavily damaged. The enemy fleet was sent reeling and Corellia was firmly in our control. Our fleet continued to chase down the Alliance until every single planet in the Corellian system was under our complete control. Of course, Thrackan Solo presented several problems, but they were easily rectified after several "demonstrations" we performed on a few of Corellia's orbital stations.

Fortune was smiling upon us, and it seemed nothing would halt our unstoppable might. Meanwhile, the other fleets were advancing, and all were converging on a single planet where the ultimate fate of this galaxy was to be decidedâ€¦

Coruscant.

7. Armageddon

AN: Sorry about the lack of updates, but college was being a bit of a bitch, and WoW: Burning Crusade completely succeeded at stealing my soulâ€¦ just like the original game.

Chapter 6: Armageddon

After the successful conquest of Corellia and its outlying planets, I began to slow the advances of my fleets, opting instead to hold our lines and pen in the Alliance in their final stronghold of Coruscant so that we could destroy them in one sweep of our glorious crusade.

However, this was also partly because the Alliance was beginning to develop new tactics and technologies in an attempt to counter our unhindered advance, such as attacking supply ships and other noncombatant craft as well as small guerilla attacks. There have also been reports of new weapons being fielded that could actually pose a threat to us.

One example of their apparent ingenuity was the Superlaser class warship. They were basically large, heavy output laser cannons with engines attached. The sheer power of these weapons was enough to disable our warship's shields, leaving them vulnerable. However, due to the nature of the large weapon they had to carry, these ships were completely defenseless against smaller craft and had extremely vulnerable flanks that could be exploited. Plus they were very slow and unwieldy craft.

However, more disturbing was their use of Shadow Torpedoes. Basically large explosive devices shot through hyperspace and guided by the heretic magic of the Jedi. Because they had no propulsion system whatsoever and were incredibly small, they were almost impossible to detect by sensor and always posed a constant danger to our forces.

Fortunately for us, we also had our own weapons being designed and prepared. For instance, our Huragok were finally able to devise a way to rob the Alliance ships of their ability to escape into hyperspace by designing a device that simulated the presence of a large gravity well, which was installed in many of our ships.

Secondly, there was Centerpoint Station itself. When we set foot upon it, we realized that the entire structure and its workings were based on Forerunner design. While aesthetically, it bore no resemblance, the basic workings of the onboard technology were the same. It was only a matter of time before the Huragok were able to repair the components that we were able to discern its true purpose as a tool that could build or destroy entire star systems. I will not delve into the Huragoks' technical explanations on how the station worked, but it basically released huge amounts of energy, concentrated into a focused tractor beam capable of moving or annihilating anything in its path.

No wonder way that pathetic Thrackan Sal Solo wanted possession of the station so badly. As if he could truly comprehend the religious significance it held to us. This was proof that the Forerunner had graced this accursed galaxy with their presence, possibly leaving behind clues as to find the Great Journey.

However, I was not to let the weapon be used without a proper test, so I made preparations to use the weapon on the world of Borleias, which was an important staging point the Alliance as using from Coruscant.

Under extremely heavy guard, the station was towed through Slipspace within range of the planet. Of course, the Alliance forces stationed there attempted to retaliate, but by the time they were within firing range, the station was ready to fire.

The only way I could describe what happened was that it wasâ€¦ magnificent. Seeing the power of the Forerunner so neatly collapse the core of Borleias and destroy it and its defending fleet in the blink of an eye. Oh, the power these beings must have commanded in their time!

Of course, just days after the demonstration, a massive Alliance fleet made a huge offensive on Corellia, obviously in an attempt to retake or destroy the station. It was undoubtedly the largest fleet the Alliance had ever fielded at that point, with hundreds of ships making their assault.

However, against all expectations, a small force of heretics managed to board the station itself. Our troops fought valiantly, but were no match for their heretical magic. The Jedi quickly fought their way to the main control station. I regret my decision to leave security up to the incompetent Thrackan Solo. Either through his stupidity or betrayal, he let the attackers gain access to the station's controls,

allowing the Jedi to use the weapon. I take some satisfaction that Thrackan died in the process.

Like the wrath of an angry god, Centerpoint Station fired and annihilated _Unstoppable Force_ with all but a single shot, along with a good third of our glorious armada. Fortunately, there was some light in this dark situation. A good portion of the Alliance fleet was annihilated in the blast as well. After the carnage, the Alliance forces quickly retreated, but not before rendering the station permanently inoperable. Not even the Huragok could repair the damage the Jedi had caused.

Meanwhile, I was not on the _Unstoppable Force_ at the time, thank the Prophets, but the moment I saw the beautiful station destroyed along with most of the armada, I came to the sudden and heartbreaking conclusion.

Our time here was at an end.

Because we were separated from our home galaxy, there was no practical way for us to rely on reinforcements or replacements for our losses. In light of this disaster, we had two choices. Continue the fight and slowly wither and die like a wounded animal, or take the fight straight to the heart of the enemy and make them pay dearly for every gain they have made. Without hesitation, we burned the now worthless Corellians into ash and immediately made the jump to Coruscant.

Of course, the Alliance was not expecting a counterattack so quickly. The remnants of our fleet punished them badly, but many were lost to their huge numbers and stationary defenses. The battle was fierce and vicious, and it took several hours of continuous plasma bombardment to finally disable Coruscant's shields. With the planet vulnerable, we dropped the inoperable Centerpoint Station onto the planet and proceeded bombardment, disregarding the defending enemy forces. We managed to burn 30 of the planet's surface before our formations began to fall apart. Rather than be destroyed pointlessly, many ship commanders steered their ships into the atmosphere, preferring to destroy what they could on the surface.

As for me.. I was mortally wounded in a duel with the infamous Skywalker himself. How ironic, that our Crusade began with me meeting him, and ended the exact same way.

I now lie here, surrounded by the bodies of my crew and a number of slain heretics, directing my ship to smash into Coruscant's surfaceâ€|

I am not sure if this message will ever reach home again, or even leave this galaxy intact. However, I feel compelled to at least leave a record of all we have done, so that it will not be lost to the ages.

May the ever luminous light of the Forerunner shine upon you for all eternity, for it has forsaken me.

Warmaster Shaka Ralamee

END OF TRANSMISSION

****Unknown Location****

"Damn, that's some pretty heavy stuff."

"I know, it's pretty mind boggling once you read it all."

"Has the Director seen this?"

"Of course he has. The Director knows everything."

"So what are we going to do about this."

"Oh, I suspect it's going to get the 'classified' stamp, get put into a file closet, and forgotten for quite a while."

"Just like everything else."

"Pretty much."

"You know, there's something about this report that keeps nagging at me, as if I've heard this from somewhere beforeâ€|"

"What are you talking about?"

"Well, it's the names, really. Skywalker, Coruscant, Soloâ€| they just feel so familiar. I think it was something about some really, REALLY old movie."

"Yeah well, we've got more important things to do. Besides, it's probably all your imagination."

"Yeah, probably is."

"I have to go hand over some more paperwork. The Covenant have apparently glassed another planet."

"What, again?"

"Yep."

"Shit."

"Anyways, just remember to return that file in the next five hours, or else the database will start flagging you."

"Yeah, I guess- oh shit! Now I remember where I heard those names before!"

"Really?"

"Yeah, some really old movie several centuries back, uhâ€|. Star something."

"Sure, whatever. Just get back to work"

End
file.